

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME
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JULY 24, 1929

FIVE CENTS

CYRIL DELEVANTI CONVALESCING

Young Cyril Delevanti, son of the dramatic director, is in the Monterey Peninsula Hospital as the result of an accidental shot received last Saturday while playing with his friend, Dickie Seares. The boy lifted the gun without knowing that it was loaded, and the trigger sprang in his hand. The shot was a twenty-two, and barely missed Cyril's lung.

The anxiety of Dickie at having hurt his friend, and the ready forgiveness of Cyril, have bound together the two boys in strong friendship. There is no ill feeling anywhere,—but only the finest possible loyalty.

HORS D'OEUVRES

Mrs. Phil K. Gordon is arranging a group of Wednesday morning musicales to take place at La Ribera, beginning next Wednesday the thirty-first at eleven.

Lea Luboshutz, violinist, opens the series. The Chicago Tribune speaks of her as "the same sort of violinist that Joseph Hofman is a pianist."

Tickets for the series are now obtainable at the Village Bookshop and from Mrs. Phil K. Gordon, telephone Carmel 72.

GRAVELY HURT

Dan James, the young and only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. James of Carmel Highlands and Kansas City, suffered a grave accident last Thursday night while driving to his home. At a narrow part of the Highlands road his car went over the edge. It was three hours before he was extricated and reached the hospital. There were shattering fractures of arm, leg, and pelvic bone.

DR. GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

will arrive in Carmel on Saturday, August third. Full particulars of the dinner at which he will speak will be published in the next issue of The Carmelite.

COSMIC SNEEZE

The universe offers itself in a pinch of its own dust.
Will you snuf, my masters? Will you sneeze?

Tap delicately then, the silver box of illusion.
With exquisite fingers, place within the nostrils,
the divine dust.

Await with fortitude the extraordinary sensations—
the tickling at the root of the perceptions—
more drastic than laughter, the uncontrollable . . .
atchou . . . atchou . . .
everything . . . atchou . . . scattered . . .
gone . . . beliefs—ideas—principles—worlds . . . atchou
atchou . . .

The universe offers itself in a pinch of its own dust.
Will you snuff, my masters? Will you sneeze?

"A dirty habit you say, Sir?

"And only excusable in our ancestors?"

I agree with you.

Between sneezes Sir, I agree with you perfectly.

Jeanne D'Orge

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

The children are to have their summer after all.

Blanche Tolmey is to direct "Pinnochio". It will be produced at the Forest Theater in August.

Rehearsals are going on now.

Mornings at ten at the Forest Theater, Miss Tolmey and her youngsters gather. Twenty-five, of assorted sizes, responded on the first day at the very first call.

Who plays Pinnochio himself has not yet been announced. There was rumor as to Jo Schoeninger. Rumor as to Casey

Carter. It is too early yet to know. The mystery must remain shrouded yet a while.

"Pinnochio" is one of the most delightful of children's stories. And Miss Tolmey is an old hand at it.

Carmel knows her well. She directed the first performance of "Inchling" with Rem.

And a half dozen other plays, all at the Forest Theater. She and children enjoy one another. As the cast is not yet completed, youngsters are cordially invited to continue to present themselves at ten in the morning at the Forest Theater, where they will receive a hearty welcome.

Carmel News . .

WORLD PREMIERE OR

Dolores del Rio at Point Lobos

Mr. Gerald Hardy, lessee of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, will be the first to show the new film, "Evangeline," which was shot last summer at Point Lobos with Dolores del Rio starring.

Many of our Carmel celebrities, from Virginia Tooker to Stanley Wood, served to contribute to the glory of the extras and to the general gayety of the hullabaloo of production.

Small boys, and girls in their teens, stood shyly about whenever the red-and-black car of Miss del Rio stood outside Pine Inn or while she lunched at the Blue Bird, waiting, sometimes for an hour or more for her appearance.

And then, a hush such as knee-bent slaves accord to royalty.

Now the magical moment of fulfillment is at hand. Mr. Hardy will not need to cry the excellence of his wares from the house-tops. 'Nuff said when it is known that the premiere will occur next Sunday evening the twenty-eighth; followed by performances of Monday and Tuesday, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

VASIA SINGS

In the Flavin house at the Highlands, Vasia Anikeef sang informally last Saturday night before a group of guests. To those who had never before heard him, the change from the placid boyish Russian into the singer, the intensely focussed artist,—an alteration which takes place the moment he begins to sing,—is astounding.

This intensity had begun, unpredictable. Plunging deeply within his own consciousness, and entering a reality outside time and space, the singer gives himself with absoluteness to the task of producing a perfect tone.

Chief beauty of this voice is its resonance in the lowest register. Vibrant as the tone of the tuba. The upper pitches are not so perfect. They are sometimes flawed with a cloudiness.

Vasia Anikeef shares with Russian singers humor, lightness of heart, a strong sense of the tragic, and capacity to feel overwhelmingly.

He sang songs of Tchaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff.

His artistry was greatly reinforced by

that of Emanuel Balaban, who accompanied him.

Later in the evening Ramiel MacGehee appeared in the dances of begging Buddhist priests. These were familiar to him when as a novice in a Buddhist monastery in Japan he spent six weeks begging his bread upon the streets.

The evening was rich with such contrasts,—the beggar become a work of art, and set like a jewel luxuriously. The feeling of the Russian peasant and the sophistication of modern Americans. The intimacy of the fire on the hearth within; outside, the enormous solitude of the sea.

INVITATION FROM THE GIRL SCOUTS

Carmel as a community values its Girl Scout organization and has responded most generously to its needs.

The Local Council is now happy to invite all friends of scouting for girls to meet with Miss Norma Judd, the director, on Monday and Thursday mornings at ten-thirty at the Scout House to form an adult class in scout leadership.

The first meeting will be on Monday. The series will last four weeks, with additional lessons optional. There are no fees and no obligations. It is in effect a class in adult education, with an emphasis upon an understanding of young girls.

On Wednesday afternoons at two-thirty Miss Judd directs a Brownie group. All girls from seven to ten years old are invited,—that is, if they would enjoy gathering under a great pine tree with Brown Owl sitting on a toad-stool to tell them of magics and marvels.

BRAVE MUSIC

Last week two valiant young pianists made music at the Theatre of the Golden Bough,—Mary Ingels playing the Grieg Concerto with Mary Walker.

With admirable unanimity, these two young women present an interpretation of marked contrasts and shadings. Feeling and a strongly emotional sense of beauty pervade their work. They are technically equal to the dynamic demand this concerto makes upon the player. Nor does their sensitiveness to the charm of the smaller units of tonal decoration at all weaken their respect for the main architectural lines.

Major however among the items of audience pleasure in the ensemble was the loveliness of the picture presented to the eye. Two earnest young beings dipping and swinging rhythmically, uninhibited movement evoked by their music. The old tradition of conservative rigidity of behavior ignored. The young girls in

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twin smocks of linen letting music make a dance of them.

Afterward we learned of the gallant spirit of the youngsters. Mary Walker had been playing under alarming disabilities,—an illness which caused her to collapse after each performance.

The two have musicianship. We should like to hear them again.

Personal Bits . . .

Anne Martin is on her way to Europe. Together with Miss Addams of Hull House and three other women, she will set sail next week for the International Conference of the Women's International League, to be held at Prague. Miss Addams heads the conference. Miss Martin heads one of the sectional divisions whose findings and decisions will be reported for further discussion to the plenary conference.

At the last conference, held in Dublin, there were some hundred and twenty-odd members, from twenty-five countries on the planet. This year there will be more.

The subject of this session is the solution of problems in Further Disarmament and Steps toward World Peace.

Anne Murray winner of last summer's Theater Guild Competition in Carmel with her play "Dark Haven" produced at the Golden Bough, is again the winner of a prize. This time she has written a play to be produced by the blind players of the Lighthouse Players of the New York Association of the Blind.

Miss Murray lives in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Abas are spending a vacation period in Carmel. Mr. Abas makes weekly trips to San Francisco, however, for quartet rehearsals. The Abas Quarter has recently completed a series of summer concerts at Stanford University. Wolski, Verney, and Michael Penha are its other members.

AT ALL SAINTS!

The Federated Missionary Society announces Echoes of the Convention at Asilomar, next Wednesday the twenty-third at two-thirty in the afternoon at the Guild Hall of All Saints' Church. The speakers include Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. W. E. White of Bakersfield, and Mrs. Millis. Miss Elizabeth Mills of Berkeley will sing.

UNJUST CRITICISM

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

I was sorry to see in last week's Carmelite a very unfair and extremely ungracious criticism concerning Mr. d'Auburn's lack of interest in the Forest Theater Play.

Having been a member of the cast in "The Romancers", I can safely say that Mr. d'Auburn is one of the few directors I have been fortunate enough to work with who has directed with as much sincerity and ability.

Outside of evening rehearsals we were given a great deal of individual help. He was backstage with us during the first and second performances, greatly interested. And before making his necessary departure for the south to direct another play he did not fail to thank us for our work.

If any fault was found in the play it cannot be fairly blamed on Mr. d'Auburn's lack of interest, but on the material with which he was working.

Most sincerely,

Jadwiga Babcock

THE LATE HELEN DEUSNER

(This is not an obituary.)

Helen Deusner, landscape designer and not so long ago president of the Carmel P. T. A., is now Helen van Pelt.

(Neither is this a marriage announcement.)

Mrs. (Deusner) van Pelt is changing her name backward, not forward; and has taken as hers the family heirloom of her mother's name.

This alteration is synchronous with her change of office and residence from Carmel to San Francisco, from which center she will continue her landscape work in various regions,—from Pasadena to Palo Alto, San Mateo, and Berkeley, with Carmel on the way.

YES, MY DEAR!

Dearest Joy Liston's book of pomes is out.

Just off the press.

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OPINION IN THE
AMERICAN BACKWOODS

by Ralph Parker

(A year ago Ralph Parker and Robert Carr, a young novelist whose "Rampant Age" discloses the astonishing life of modern high school youth, left Carmel on a cross-country tour which they described as "a journey of exploration in the vagaries of the backwoods mind.")

When Parker returned to Carmel, we asked, "What did you learn?" "Hand me a typewriter and I'll tell you," he said. With this result:)

I

His name was Arturo. He tended bar at a gambling den in the border town of Villa Acuna, Mexico.

"What do you think of life?" we asked. There was all philosophy in his shrug. "Life? It is too much work to think about life!"

II

We were puzzled when we found "Nun's Toast" listed among the otherwise usual items on the menu of a little restaurant in Arizona. We demanded a view of, and explanation from, the proprietor. The waitress, who read Harold Bell Wright and asserted that a five-cent tip is worse than none, escorted us to the kitchen. There she introduced us to the owner, Wah Sing. He smiled at us with his lips, sneered with his delicate hands and analyzed us with his eyes.

"How come you call it 'Nun's toast'?" we asked.

"Because never have none," he explained agreeably.

"What do you think is the chief fault of America?" was our next.

"Only trouble with 'Melica, too many 'Melicans here."

We ventured into more abstract questioning. "Do you think that life is worth living?"

"Vely necessary, so appreciate death more."

Here, and in the wilds of Arizona, was a philosopher! We attacked Wah Sing with more questions.

"Do you think it is well for a woman to be virtuous?"

Wah answered with a question: "Do I think it is good for water to be dry?"

Our respect for Wah Sing being on the increase, we ventured a most difficult question: "What does God think of religion?"

"Me think God too smaht to think about 'ligion."

"Do you thing American newspapers are good?"

"All 'Melican papers the same. All 'Melican cities diffrent. So papers not spirits of cities. So papers not good."

III

He was from Arkansas, and the best tire changer in the Mohave Desert. The citizens of the town where he had worked had, perhaps with an eye on psychology, named the place Siberia.

"Would you like to have this copy of Shelley's *The Necessity for Atheism*?" I asked, after he had changed the tire. "I'm through with it."

"Atheism!" His tone conveyed that I had insulted him. "I wouldn't read anything about atheism."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't, that's all. I guess if Christianity was good enough fer my grand-father, it's good enough fer me."

"I don't imagine you feel the same way way about the horse and buggy, the oil lamp and bustles."

"I'll bet you ain't ever studied the bible, or you wouldn't talk like you do."

"On the contrary, I've studied the bible quite carefully. I've also studied Buddhism and Shintoism. Just now I'm engaged in studying Confucianism and Brahmanism."

"Assuming that there is a god and that he makes religion his special concern—I think he would be rather displeased if I accepted one system of belief without considering all the others he has gone to the trouble to superintend. He would want me to determine which creed on his religious menu was most suited to my temperament. So I feel morally obliged to study all of them."

"As it happens, there are so many that it will not be possible to thoroughly review all of them within the span of my lifetime I shall have to be content with believing in all of them."

He held his head in that position which indicates that a man has heard but has not understood. "Uh—what was that you said?"

IV

The next day we asked an ancient nordic citizen of the republic the same question we had asked the oriental, "What does god think of religion?"


He became very angry. "You young puppies!" he snapped. "I got sons bigger'n you are!"

V

She was genial, forty and worked behind the cigar counter in the lobby of a hotel in El Paso, Texas.

We began questioning her. The other half of "we" is Robert S. Carr, young novelist whose "The Rampant Age" exposes excitingly interesting immoralities in high schools. We were taking a leisurely cross-country trip, stopping along the way to ask questions.

"Do a man's religious beliefs make any



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difference to you?" we asked the lady.

Her tongue struggled with the task of moving a wad of gum to the back of her mouth before she replied: "Not a bit! It doesn't make any difference to me whether a man is Roman Catholic or Greek Catholic, Methodist or Baptist.

"I'm not like most people. I haven't any religious prejudices. It's what a man is that counts, not what he thinks about religion."

"Then you would just as soon marry a Mohammedan as a Christian?" we asked in unison.

The lady who sold tobacco looked shocked. "Why, of course not!"

"Why not?"

"I just wouldn't! Could anything be more awful? Marry a Mohammedan! You're not serious, surely."

"We are serious. We don't see anything wrong about marrying a Mohammedan."

"Oh!" She looked about the lobby, as though seeking protection.

"But suppose," we persisted, "this Mohammedan were the very highest type of man—honest, brilliant, handsome. Would you still be prejudiced against him?"

"Naturally. Nothing could make me forget the fact that he was a Mohammedan."

"But you just boasted that you didn't have any religious prejudices."

"I haven't. That is, I don't care about what sort of Christian a man is. But I wouldn't consider myself white if I associated with anyone who wasn't a Christian—why, a Mohammedan is as bad as a Buddhist!"

"You're not very tactful," I accused with mock anger. "For I am a Buddhist."

"You are!" She grimaced. "I don't care to talk to you any more."

Since I was so emphatically dismissed, Carr continued the questioning alone.

"Why won't you talk to a Buddhist?"

"Because it wouldn't be right."

"But I'm certain that Christ would have talked to a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, an infidel or anyone else."

"Maybe he would have, but I wouldn't. Christ was god, so he could do things other Christians can't. He was peculiar, anyway."

"Suppose you fell very much in love with a man. You found him your dream in every detail. Then you discovered that he was a Buddhist. Would you no longer love him?"

"What a question! Of course I wouldn't. I couldn't love a Buddhist. Just suppose that I did marry him—why, my children might become Buddhists."

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM WINS IN SOUTH DAKOTA

After reserving decision for almost three years, South Dakota's Supreme Court has ordered the readmission to the public schools of the Catholic high-school students who refused to attend the reading of scripture from the King James' version of the bible. The Court held that the school board in expelling the boy whose parents brought the test case, had violated the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. The Court added the student need make no apology and might absent himself during scripture reading.

Court action was brought against the board by the father of one of a dozen Catholic students who, in February 1925, refused to attend the school's opening exercises at which the reading of the bible or the repetition of the Lord's prayer had been ordered. The students were expelled until such time as they apologized and agreed to comply with all school regulations. The case was then brought in the courts. The lower court dismissed the parent's plea, holding that the Catholic and Protestant Bibles are too nearly alike to justify the student's action. Appeal to the Supreme Court was then taken.

The decision makes invalid the compulsory feature of the state Bible reading law.

INDIAN CANOES AND TOTEM POLE

(two dugouts, a totem, and mountains rearing their heads into the sky)



linoleum cut by
BRUCE INVERARITY

BIG SUR

Of tree-trunks and stone, man has made him a thread of road halfway up the mountains of the Big Sur south of the Monterey Peninsula, and bound them with a little traffic way for his use.

Forty miles of dangerous driving upon a narrow and precipitous road.

Acute and terrible beauty. The heights rise above, benign; and fall away below appalling and awful. The mountains plunge their monstrous feet into the sea (Who has said that? Somebody. "Divinely superfluous beauty" . . . Jeffers . . . "Santa Lucian hills you also saw . . . the wonder and the awe . . .") and human beings in little rolling machines thread their cautious way midway high.

Thirty-three miles down is the Trails Lodge. A group of four or five Carmel friends take turn there. Just now, the Blackmans. The log house lies upon a hilltop like an island, overlooking beauty of such majesty that man is at last wordless.

The road swings on south.

Inland deeply to encompass the canyon indentations, vast as fiords.

A thread of silver light gleams far off,—a waterfall plunging from a granite height straight into the ocean.

Up one of these canyons, they tell us, live Harry Lafler and his bride, in their stone house miles from the road. A seventy-foot waterfall plunges on the way. They carry their supplies on their backs to the house, and only very occasionally return for a brief period to the city, whose life they find puny and sterile.

Riches here,—riches of redwood forest and the strange riven fluid forms of mountains. In the canyon, shy deer.

The government, we are told, desires to buy the holdings of the Pfeiffer ranch. A million dollars offered, it is rumored. But the Pfeiffers have refused.

Holding it for more? you ask?

Well . . . of what use are a million dollars? Can you buy anywhere or ask anywhere of life more than this? Ma Pfeiffer would rather go on cooking for ranch guests, and stay.

Sam, whose cabin is on the next hill below the Trails Lodge, built with his hands the trail that leads from here. Years of labor to make it. (In the city, believe it or not, are human beings who play a game called bridge. Or they sit a casual night through gulping excitatory bever-

ages.) Here upon the mountains of the Big Sur we lie rolled in blankets upon the ground, sleeping wrapped with the unspeakable beauty of the landscape. And in the morning we shall rise early, to see the luminous layers of smoky fog below us drift in from the headlands filling the canyon hollows, and watch a jocund little ship pushing white froth up the coast.

QUIET INTERIOR

A mile or two beyond Pacific Grove, on the winding forest road that leads to Asilomar, is a little house like a toy. Emma Waldvogel's.

There, to a cottage of her own design, set in a garden of purple larkspurs headhigh, this designer of textiles comes at evening from her adobe studio in Monterey, with its wide cool spaces and its distinction.

There is nothing like the studio in Monterey; and no one who knows the remarkable color work of Miss Waldvogel would hesitate to recognize, anywhere in the world, a gown of her design. The wearers of her work are like a brotherhood founded upon a kinship of taste.

Miss Waldvogel's especial and recognizable individuality lies in her juxtaposition of colors, which is based upon color principles so dynamic that the quietest of blues beside the quietest of greens can produce a literally dazzling and quivering chromatic agitation.

The little house too has a personal and special charm,—Waldvogel charm, the austerity of its ordered perfection mingled with a strange color brilliance. To the writer it is no exaggeration to call it one of the outstanding modern interiors of the Pacific coast. Few residences so consistently carry out an essential and basic idea. I do not mean some sort of Leitmotif. The interior of this house is organically planned. It is no mere assemblage of objects. It is a composition,—from the kitchen to the bathroom. While it still uses decoration as applied rather than as functional (a principle with which we may quarrel) the forms of the specially designed furniture (there is no object commercially designed, unless you except the piano) is of the starkest simplicity. Excellence of proportion provides its claim to aristocracy.

Ray Boynton said one evening not long since, "A house of mediocre architecture may be acceptable if the decorations are good."

Immediately the answer came back hotly, "Wrong! No house of mediocre architecture is acceptable no matter how much covering you may apply externally."

Contemplating the interiors of the Waldvogel house one knows, "No forms of good proportion need applied decoration at all."

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GOLDEN
BOUGH

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Editorial . . .

Some three weeks ago the social agencies of Monterey County were called upon by a mother in distress who desired her sixteen-year-old runaway daughter apprehended by the authorities and returned to her home.

The authorities did apprehend the child as requested. But instead of returning her to her home, they threw her into the county jail. From there she was taken to the county poor farm, known as the County Hospital, where she was made to stay for ten days. During this time her mother was sending forth piteous appeals for the release of her child, who was in no sense wayward or delinquent.

The detention in the county jail of a young girl of gentle nurture and good family has brought that county jail to the attention of others. An accident in social service technique (now "repaired" although such an experience to a young being is implorable) has awakened the communities of the county. Visitors have gone through the jail,—with the courteous cooperation of the County Judge, the Probation Officer, and the Sheriff, all of whom deplore the jail and its deficiencies,—and they have become aware of the mediaeval horror of a typical institution of our penological system.

The county jail at Salinas,—in which any of our children may be detained,—is a brick structure of the usual barred windows. The Sheriff will himself courteously take you about, showing you every corner from cell to basement, and opening the heavy steel triple doors with his massive keys.

The first group of prisoners you happen to come upon are three children. Although there are sometimes children of seven or eight, (so a prisoner volunteered to inform us) those seen last week were boys in their early teens, given terms there for stealing automobile parts.

No psychiatric study had been made of these cases for the simple reason that there is no psychiatric service in our county. They were locked in a square room whose only object of furniture was a greasy table upon which the flies lingered. Beside this, there were broken barrel windows, walls covered to the ceiling with pencilled inscriptions and drawings,—and the boys.

This room leads into the women's cell block. The quarters here are limited. When the two-bunk cells are full, you may either put the thin pallet upon the floor of the corridor, or you may sleep in the toilet room, where there are two additional steel bunks. On the walls of this room prisoners have again inscribed lewdly and bitterly. Upon even the ceiling is written, in six-inch letters burned into the whitewash with cigarette tips, the name of a seducer from Monterey. The minds of brutalized and bestial human beings have spumed their bitterness forth upon these surfaces,—and the place is thickly peopled with the horror of their thoughts.

They sit upon their bunks, these women,—what else is there to do?—or one of them lies desperate in the dark cell beside them,—into her mind crowding their talk. Various misdemeanors are written after their names in the register downstairs,—but it is evident that some of these are thick-witted, streetwalkers perhaps,—whom a mental examination would prove to be subnormal. The colored women . . . bewildered primitive beings forced too soon from an environment natural to them, plucked out of the sequence of race development, unable to adjust their simple animality perhaps to the mores of our urban "civilization". To throw these simple primitives into this brutalizing and foul darkness is like punishing the bewildered heart for singing.

There is no singing here however. Or if there were, it would be dissonant. The purpose of the prison is to punish,—and we punish by brutalizing the mind, subjecting the body to filth, and breaking the heart.

In the men's cell block it is darker. The men are pallid from lack of sunlight. At the end of the corridor stands a conspicuous object, the toilet. Some of the men have striven for privacy in their cells by hanging up jail blankets as curtains. Of what color are these blankets and these mattresses? Difficult to tell, so saturated are they with the past.

Some of the men range the corridor, waiting for their sixty days, their six months, or three years, to elapse.

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Others sit on their bunks, in postures of depression and defeat, and do not look up even at the rare occurrence of "lady" visitors.

In this sinister darkness of day, peopled with its bitter thoughts, desire for freedom, sexual hungers, a man crouches over a tiny fire built at one end of the corridor, heating some shaving water in a little pan.

It is in this cell block that we visitors find the three young boys. They are locked with the men at certain times of the days,—bootleggers, embezzlers . . . We have long known that prisons are places of homo-sexual practices,—lesbianism the desperate expedient of human animals deprived of fulfilling their normal sex needs. The sheriff admits to us the illegality of putting children among adult prisoners. But what shall he do? In the only room available for children there are no toilets. There is no detention home for children in Monterey County. (Our taxes have perhaps been too much occupied building new roads; and the supervisors have not been aware of any particular demand on the part of voters for improvement of the social service agencies).

Now is the hour for the noon-day meal. "We're going to feed now," says the Sheriff, unlocking the door that the cook may enter, bearing his big soup-pot from the stove.

Into the square room with the table and the flies. The women are let in from their cell block. The boys too. There are of course no chairs. The prisoners stand about. The utensils are tin pans and tin cans. The cook slops out a ladleful of a pungent mess,—macaroni swimming in a watery but fragrant stew,—and the prisoner retires with it to lounge against the wall with his ration. His back rubs against the inscriptions. His thoughts dull and harden his face.

■ ■ ■
This is what man has done man and called it punishment.

■ ■ ■
Why does The Carmelite describe all this? "Isn't it rather sordid?"

It is. And we the citizens of the United States and the county of Monterey in the state of California are responsible for it. It is first and most obvious of all necessary to demand that the county provide a detention home for minors. No human being could refuse or dispute this.

The steps to be taken are as follows:

Agitation to acquaint people with the facts. Present these by lecture before all possible county organizations,—from the P. T. A's to the Women's University Club and the Rotary. Urge that many go themselves to visit the county jail to become aware of the grim realities. Or

ganize demand for a detention home for juvenile cases and present this demand effectively to the county Board of Supervisors.

There are further steps to be taken. These we will discuss in a subsequent issue. But those outlined above are the first and most immediately essential. Some four hundred cases a year come before Probation Officer Otis. The jail is their only

place of commitment.

(Cases may be put in jail awaiting trial. Some months ago a young woman from Carmel voluntarily placed herself in the hands of the District Attorney. She was put in jail without a charge against her. She was a sensitive girl of gentle breeding. The shock and horror of the experience caused her to attempt suicide in the jail. When she was released she

was suffering from total emotional and nervous breakdown.)

Once we know the facts, it is indecent to permit ourselves the luxury of further evasion. The landscape of Monterey County fairly sings with beauty. Golf, lovemaking, dinners in comfortable hotels, picnics at Point Lobos . . . while we fiddle, Rome burns . . .

pauline g. schindler

Two Poems by Ellen Janson Browne . . .

SUMMER NIGHT

The path goes down between the trees;
The sleeping birds are never still
Even in sleep, on nights like these;
The stars burn deeply on the hill.

So tall the grass that it can brush
Bright dew against a wanderer's knees;
The birds dream lightly in the hush;
The stars burn deeply through the trees,

The path goes down between the trees,
The path I say I will not take . . .
Even in sleep, on nights like these,
The birds dream lightly, half awake.

FAIRY-TALE BALLAD FOR MAURICE IVAR

Mother, sing. What shall I sing?
(Far away is the shadowy forest.)
Sing me a tale of a queen and a king.
(O, my heart is sick for the forest.)

The queen has loved the king full well,
But her tongue is bound by a fairy spell.

Syne the king in his pain and fear
To a wicked witch has lent his ear.

(Winter is deep in the shadowy forest.)

The king has heard the north-wind blow;
He has sent his fair love out into the snow.

For she has strayed by fall of day,
And a little snow-bird led the way.

(O, the dark and cold in the forest!)

Under a thorn-tree, stark and white,
She has born a babe in the starry night.

With tears she has washed his body fair,
And wrapped him all in her shining hair.

(Was that the dawn I saw in the forest?)

The king, lonely and sorrow-worn,
Rode out into the winter morn.

Loose was the bridle in his hand,
But his horse went dancing over the land.

(Why does it smell so sweet in the forest?)


Into the forest rode the king;
And everywhere it was green with spring,

He saw a dark and a golden head.
And under a thorn-tree, blossomed red,

(O, the singing birds in the forest!)

Three rode home through the blossoms then.
(Summer is deep in the shadowy forest.)

Mother, sing me that song again!
(Oh, my heart remembers the forest)



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Books . . .

All Quiet on the Western Front. By
Erich Maria Remarque. Little Brown
and Company. 1929.

Eleven years after the close of the Great War comes this story, translated from the German, as a reminder. A simple tale,—like that of Barbusse the Frenchman's; of Latzko the Austrian; moving and terrible, written by a young soldier of twenty.

Bombardment, barrage, curtain-fire, mines, gas, tanks, machine guns, hand grenades . . . After the barrage, "at last it grows quiet. The fire has lifted over us . . . is now dropping on the reserves . . . but the cries do not cease . . . It is not men, they could not cry so terribly . . . They are wounded horses.

"It is unendurable. It is the moaning of the world, wild with anguish, filled with terror.

"We are pale. Detering stands up. He is a farmer and very fond of horses. Then as if deliberately the firing dies down again. The screaming of the beasts becomes louder . . . Mueller has a pair of glasses. We see a dark group, bearers with stretchers, and larger black clumps moving about. Those are the wounded horses . . . Detering raises his gun and aims. The black heap is convulsed and becomes thinner . . . The men cannot overtake the wounded beasts which fly in their pain, their wide open mouths full of anguish . . . A shot . . . another horse drops . . . another. Slowly, humbly, the horse sinks to the ground.

"Detering walks up and down cursing. 'Like to know what harm they've done. I tell you it is the vilest baseness to use horses in the war.'

" . . . Still the parachute rockets shoot up and cast their pitiless light over the stony landscape, which is full of craters and frozen lights like a moon . . . Only the mist is cold, this mysterious mist that trails the dead before us . . . By morning they will be pale and green and their blood congealed and black.

" . . . Kropp on the other hand is a thinker. He proposes that a declaration of war should be a kind of popular festival with entrance tickets and bands, like a bull fight. Then in the arena the ministers and generals of the two countries, dressed in bathing drawers and armed with clubs, can have it out among themselves. Whoever survives, his country wins. That would be much simpler and more just than this arrangement, where the wrong people do the fighting.

" . . . The days are hot and the dead lie unburied. We cannot fetch them all in. If we did we should not know what

THE CARMELITE, July 24, 1929

to do with them. The shells will bury them . . . When the wind blows toward us it brings the smell of blood, which is heavy and sweet. This deathly exhalation from the shell holes seems to be a mixture of chloroform and putrefaction, and fills us with nausea and retching.

"We see men living with their skulls blown open; we see soldiers run with their two feet cut off, they stagger on their splintered stumps into the next shell hole; a lance-corporal crawls a mile and a half on his hands dragging his smashed knee after him; we see men without mouths, without jaws, without faces . . . The sun goes down, night comes, the shells whine, life is at an end."

At home on leave . . . "my mother suddenly siezes hold of my hand and asks falteringly, 'Was it very bad out there, Paul?'

"Mother, what should I answer to that? . . . I shake my head and say, 'No, Mother, not so very. There are always a lot of us together so it isn't so bad.'

" 'Yes, but Heinrich Bredemeyer said it was terrible out there now, with the gas and the rest of it.'

"It is my mother who says that . . . She does not know what she is saying, she is merely anxious for me. Should I tell her how once we found three enemy trenches with their garrison all stiff as though stricken with apoplexy? Against the parapets, in the dugouts, just where they were, the men stood and lay about, with blue faces, dead.

" 'No, Mother, that's only talk,' I answer 'There's not very much in what Bredemeyer says . . . Before my mother's anxiety I recover my composure. Now I can answer questions without fear of having suddenly to lean against the wall because the world turns soft as rubber and my veins become brimstone.

" 'It's queer, when one thinks of it,' says Sergeant Kropp when they are back on the line again in a dugout, 'we are here to protect our fatherland, and the French are over there to protect their fatherland. Now, who's in the right?—Our professors and parsons and newspapers say that we are the only ones that are right, and let's hope so; but the French professors and parsons and newspapers say that the right is on their side. What about that?'

" 'A war gets started,' answers Albert with a slight air of superiority, 'mostly by one country offending another!'

"Then Tjaden pretends to be obtuse. 'A country? I don't follow. A mountain in Germany cannot offend a mountain in France. Or a river, or a wood, or a field of wheat.'

"Kropp growls, 'Are you really so stupid? What I mean is, that one people offends the other . . .'

"Then I haven't any business here at all,'

"Then I haven't any business here at all," replies Tjaden, "I don't feel myself offended . . ."

"But free as we were with these expressions, we were no mutineers, no deserters, no cowards. We loved our country as much as did those who led us to the slaughter; we went courageously into action; but also we distinguished the false from the true . . . The first bombardment showed us our mistake . . . and under it the world as they had taught it to us broke into pieces."

Yet . . . "The brown earth, the torn, the blasted earth, with a greasy shine under the sun's rays; the earth is the background of this restless gloomy world of automations; our lips are dry; our heads are debauched with stupor . . . thus we stagger forward, and into our pierced and shattered souls bores the torturing image of the brown earth with the convulsed and dead soldiers, who lie there,—it can't be helped,—who cry and clutch at our legs as we spring away over them . . . We have lost all feeling for one another. We can hardly control ourselves when our hunted glance lights on the form of some other man. We are insensible dead men, who through some trick, are still able to run and to kill."

And of the camp of Russian prisoners . . . "They come close up to the wire fence and lean their faces against it; their fingers hook around the mesh . . . I see their dark forms, their beards move in the wind. I know nothing of them except that they are prisoners. Their life is obscure and guiltless,—if I could know more of them, what their names are, what they are waiting for, what are their burdens, then . . . But as it is I perceive behind them only the suffering of the creature, the awful melancholy of life and the pitilessness of men . . . A word of command has made these silent figures our enemies . . ."

LITTLE ELEGY

Withouten you
No rose can grow;
No leaf can be green
If never seen
Your sweetest face;
No bird have grace
Or power to sing;
Or anything
Be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.

Elinor Wylie

(from her new volume "Angels and Earthly Creatures")

AN EXPERIENCE IN AN AMERICAN PRISON

by Anne Martin

(The distinction of the author of this bit of historical record, she was one of the leaders in the early movement for woman's suffrage; she is Pacific coast executive for Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom; a friend of Jane Addams,—gives this document authority. The facts here set down provide data enough to justify a thorough reform of the penological system of our country now operating. Ed.)

My only experience as prisoner, aside from a few hours' detention in Cannon Row Police Station, London, with one hundred and twenty Parkhurst suffragists in 1910, after a march on the House of Commons, was at Occoquan Workhouse, Virginia.

I was arrested in July 1917, with fifteen other supposedly influential women, for picketing the White House gates with suffrage banners. The banners asked President Wilson to support the National Suffrage Amendment, then before Congress. We were exercising our constitutional right of petition.

But we were roughly handled by the crowd, largely composed of governmental employees and soldiers and marines. The woman policeman who arrested me left on my arm bruises which lasted for weeks, although I did not resist arrest.

After the usual bail and court proceedings in which we conducted our own trial, we were given the first heavy sentence imposed on members of the National Woman's Party,—sixty days in the Virginia prison.

From the moment we entered its gates, it was evident that the intention was to make us victims of the punitive machinery of the prison. The purpose was not to build up, but to degrade the prisoners. Hard-boiled wardresses, who could of course not be anything else but hard-boiled under the conditions, ordered us to undress before them, and took away our clothes and night-bags. There was no privacy.

We were made to re-dress completely in the coarse blue denim clothing and the worn soiled shoes of the prison, after baths in showers far from clean.

Ordinary sanitary necessities were lacking in the lavatories.

The prison dress was designed to destroy all sense of individuality,—and in the main, did surprisingly! When the sixteen of us were ordered to march in to see our lawyers one morning, Dudley Malone was shocked at our appearance, and remarked that only two of us managed to preserve any vestige of personality. What must be the effect on long-termers, chiefly of an already-oppressed race.

The chief wardress in lining us up the

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Dr. Clarence H. Terry
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El Paseo Building

Dolores at 7th Street
Phone: Carmel 106

first day addressed me as "Annie Martin". I protested that was not my name.

"Annie Martin' you are, and Annie Martin' you will be," was her reply.

For three days we were deprived of our toilet articles, and were denied medical comforts. The idea seemed to be to wait until you got really ill, and then you were sent to the infirmary, and the tender mercies of the prison doctor.

We were made to sleep in a dormitory with about forty negro women, poor creatures, prostitutes, misdemeanants, and criminals of all ages, from Washington. We did not object to them as companions. I mention it only to show that the prison authorities did all they could to "insult", as they regarded it, white women political prisoners in a southern state.

Our presence in their dormitory so excited these women that a constant procession of them streamed through to the lavatories all night.

But the procession of cockroaches and other insects through our beds bothered us more than the human one.

And the air! the air!

Under conditions sleep was impossible for all of us.

The blankets on our beds were black in color. We noticed that the wardresses handled them with rubber gloves, to avoid infection. The food was impossible to eat, the cereals wormy, the bread full of weavils, the meats spoiled, the coffee a murky brew. As usual in prison diets, fresh vegetables and fruits were entirely lacking, and no milk was given the prisoners. Although the workhouse possessed a fine herd of dairy cows under the management of the warden, the cream and butter from which were marketed at Washington at a handsome profit to someone (not the state).

We were all regimented, with the colored women, from six in the morning till nine at night, treated as things, not human beings. Marched to and from meals under the hard eyes of the warden and wardresses, to and from a brief period of exercise in the workhouse yard, to and from the sewing-room where we were made to work on prison clothing.

The hour of "recreation" in the gloomy hall before bedtime was spent on wooden benches, watching the colored prisoners comb each others' hair. Talking was discouraged.

One pretty young colored woman furtively told me, "I ain't done nothin'. I just got picked up again by the police in Washington, right after I come out, an' this time I got six months."

"They beat us up," another woman told me. We heard dark tales of the condition of one woman in the infirmary,

from a beating, confirmed by later investigation.

In my brief imprisonment I suffered as much in spirit as in body. We believed we were in for sixty days; and I can never forget the helplessness, which all prisoners must naturally feel, at being detained under lock and key, shut away from the world, from the beauty and freedom of the summer countryside, under the iron heel of that system, those steely eyes and hands of the prison authorities.

Solitary confinement is torture. But crowd confinement is also torture. We suffered from lack of privacy; we were never alone, night or day. If sixty days were hard to endure, what must six months be? Six years?

Our imprisonment in Occoquam was ended, however, after three days of our sentences had been served,—through personal pardons from President Wilson, secured against our will through the offices of our well-meaning friend, Dudley Field Malone.

I was sent on a western speaking tour for the National Suffrage Amendment the autumn of 1917, during the period in which many of our White House pickets were subjected to the horrible process of forcible feeding, following hunger strikes as a protest against false arrest, unjust sentences, and intolerable conditions. The Occoquam prison authorities were undoubtedly as brutal to our women political prisoners as were the British authorities to Mrs. Pankhurst's followers in Holloway jail in London.

The Women's Party agitation led to a shake-up in the workhouse, the dismissal of the warden, and, for a time, I am informed, to better conditions for women prisoners.

I sometimes think of my three-day colored comrades in that prison. I fear that their counterparts are there today, illegally "picked up" by police off the streets of Washington; that the sanitary and food conditions are again unspeakable; and that the inhuman punitive conditions still prevail.

LAURELS FOR MAX PANTELEIEFF

The third concert of the Hollywood Bowl season presented Max Panteleieff, baritone, whose voice has often been heard here, and who has many friends in Carmel.

From among a number of favorable criticisms, we reproduce this from the Los Angeles Record as typically expressive of the success of the event:

Enthusiasm that was hearty and spontaneous punctuated last night's concert of the Hollywood Bowl orchestra—the first real audience reaction of the three concerts thus far. The tribute was for the splendid conducting of

Bernardino Molinari and the artistry of Max Panteleieff, Russian baritone, ***With Molinari as a dynamic piano accompanist (the orchestra score had not arrived) Panteleieff put into "Lament" from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor", all the best of true Russian singing. Leaning more to the subtle, unexaggerated stresses in his interpretation, the singer showed in this and in his twice done encore, Moussorgsky's satiric "Song of the Flea" that the lyric temperament can make Russian music effective as well as the powerfully dramatic Chaliapin type of singer ***After an intermission which buzzed with approval of the singer's vocal quality and the finely wrought Mozart, Panteleieff sang the recitative and aria of "Prince Galitsky" from the same Borodin opera, with orchestral accompaniment this time. With very slight pause he swung into the poignantly but sentimental and muchly murdered aria, "Vision Fugitive" from Massenet's "Herodiade". His sincerity and finish were never more in evidence than in taking the scented mustiness from this and giving it a real interest.

THE "OLD CHAP'S" CHOICE

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

Here is poetry that an old chap can understand:

ART AND LIFE

There is so much to catch
As the days go by:
The line of some queer old thatch
Against wintry sky,
The huge red sun of November
Threatening snow,
Dark woods that seem to remember
Ages ago;
Gold kingcups crowning the ditches,
Windows agleam,
Old willows standing like witches
Haunting a stream;
Far mountains lit with a glow
That is tremulous
With something we only know
Is never for us;
All shapes of rocks and of trees
That a rune has enchanted,
All sounds that sigh upon seas
Or lands that are haunted;
So much there is to catch,
And the years so short,
That there is scarce time to snatch
Pen, palette, or aught;
And to seize some shape that we see
That others may keep
Its moment of mystery,
Then go to our sleep.

—Lord Dunsany

from the Old Chap

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JULY 24, 1929

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(continued on page

THE OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE

When Laura Bride Powers was little Laura Bride, thirteen years old, a priest, Father Casanova, of the Old Carmel Mission came riding into Monterey one morning on his big horse, waving his arms.

The people buzzed about him from all points, full of excitement. What had he found? What had he found?

He had been excavating patiently in a long search. Now he had found the grave of Fra Junipero Serra, the founder of Californian civilization.

Tomorrow, the Fourth of July 1882, he would open the grave. On the next morning the little thirteen-year-old child

stood beside the grave near the priest. The grave was opened. There were the long bones of the leg. There were the ankle bones, mysteriously bound together with a kerchief.

The priest looked down into the grave. He wept.

The child looked, and wept.

Someone bent down to draw forth the kerchief which bound the ankle bones. The fragile threads broke, in his hands, into impalpable dust, vanished in thin air.

This thing that happens to a thirteen-year-old . . .

Thirteen-year-old Laura Bride found a life-motivation in that moment. She never got over the passion established in that minute,—an infinite respect for the riches of the past.

She became a figure. She organized the restoration of missions in California. She studied California history and knew the history, the whereabouts, the rich symbolism, of its relics. She brought these forth, bells and chalices and candle-sticks and priestly robes, and restored them to their altars.

She knows her facts.

For three months she listened, within the walls of a great private library, to a scholar reading aloud to her from the ancient Spanish archives, and translating as he went. She wrote an excellent history of early California.

Now she is doing an odd interesting thing.

The Governor made her one of his recent committee for the restoration of the old Customs House at Monterey for use as a historical museum.

A few weeks ago she was made Custodian of the museum.

A custodian is regularly a tottering relic himself, a sort of a janitor who ekes out with the sale of postcards and souvenirs the sumptuous fifty-dollars-a-month provided by the government, and which must include not only his salary, but little trifles like light, heat, and incidentals beside. Mrs. Powers does indeed receive some

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NIGHT**

such a simple room; but she scarcely fits the rest of the picture otherwise.

She opened the great doors of the old adobe building, their hinges rusty with twenty-five years' disuse. She flung wide the shutters to the iron-barred windows hung thick with cobwebs. She caused to be swept and garnished and recalled from desuetude into use this one-of-the-oldest-living buildings of the United States, built by the Spaniards in 1814.

On July the seventh of 1929 the Old Customs House was formally opened to public use, commemorating the anniversary of the first raising of the American flag over the building.

The big room with its dignity of proportion; the great doorway now after many years flung open to the panorama of the Monterey Bay with its little fishing boats bobbing up and down at anchor; the balconies overlooking Fisherman's wharf where the Spanish fishermen still mend their brown nets; the deep window embrasures—all these provide a background against which Mrs. Powers with a nice restraint sets the few beautiful old pieces which give it the feeling of an original Spanish house and justify its name as a museum. Daguerrotypes of 1852 and prints from 1832. The ivory chess set which Robert Louis Stevenson and his old friend Simoneau used when Stevenson lived in a lovely adobe in Monterey, earning an incidental two-and-a-half a week writing for the local weekly of the period.

Since its opening on July seventh some two thousand visitors to the dim rooms within their thick walls have signed their names in the visitors' register.

One of them, a black-eyed little girl vivid and fiery as the little Laura Bride who once was so moved at history returned to palpability, came in the other day and sat down on one of the old Spanish settles. Of Spanish ancestry, stemming from the ancient Ortega family whose name is honored in Monterey, the little girl looked silently about.

Then she told impulsively how her grandmother had told her how she had danced here as a young girl; had given the grandchild her own festive fan used in those bright days.

The little girl tripped about on solemn tiptoe. She sat in the window embrasures. She was hushed. And there was a smile of deepest joy upon her face.

PATRIOTIC DISPLAY

The Commandant and
Corps of Instructors
at the

Citizens' Military Training Camp
Camp John P. Pryor
Del Monte, California
announce a

MILITARY TOURNAMENT
To be held in Camp on
July 27, 1929
Visitors' Day

Sports . . .

THE NATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Del Monte, July 23—Elaborate preparations are being made for the National Amateur Golf Championship at Pebble Beach, September second to seventh. Every detail in connection with the National tourney will have been taken care of well in advance of the championship dates.

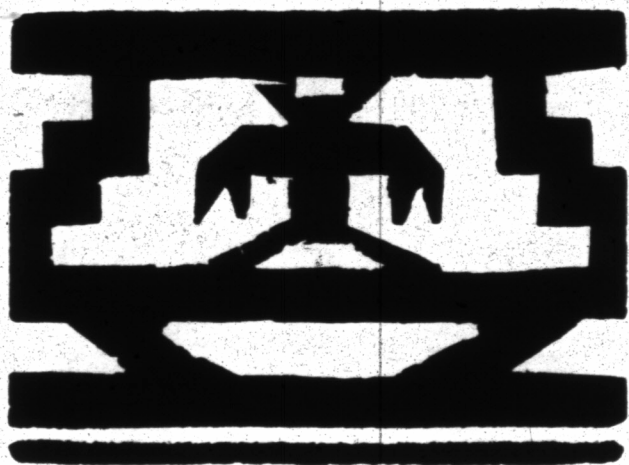
It is the hope of those in charge of the Del Monte event, to make it the most smoothly handled National Amateur tournament ever held in the United States. Their task is complicated by the fact that this is the first time this important competition has ever been held in the west, and also by the fact that Del Monte is a hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest metropolis, San Francisco. This fact presents unusual problems in handling spectators and accommodating galleries, for in spite of the distance from San Francisco, Los Angeles and other California cities, an attendance of between five and ten thousand spectators is anticipated during the semi-finals and finals, particularly if Bobby Jones runs true to form.

Every golfer on the Pacific Coast is looking forward to his first glimpse of the immortal Bobby Jones. To the western golfer, Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., seems a sort of demi-god, almost a myth. Vast preparations are now being made for adequate parking space, press accommodations, national radio broadcasting facilities, and a score of other details incident to a national championship.

BIG GAME HUNTING WITH THE DEL MONTE LIONS

Del Monte has just staged its first ping pong tournament which was won by Robert E. Rhodes, Stanford University, 6-0, 6-0 in the finals. Others entered in the tournament included: Miss Eleanor Levi, New York; Cyril Doyle, Santa Cruz; Miss Elena Bagandoff, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Barnes; Mr. D. Forsch, New York City; Lloyd Ackerman, San Francisco; Mr. Harold Levi, New York; Mr. Fred Murphy, San Francisco; R. Guggenheim, San Francisco; A gallery of over 50 witnessed this interesting event. Roland Roberts, Del Monte tennis professional, refereed the tournament. Young Rhodes, a southpaw, earned the gallery by his skill and has been acclaimed ping pong champion of Del Monte.

The first croquet tournament to be held at Hotel Del Monte in years, has been announced for Thursday, July 25, starting at 10:00 a. m.



MEXICAN SHOP MOVES TO LA RAMBLA

Frederik Rummelle, importer of antiques and the primitive art of Old Mexico and other Latin countries, has moved from his former location upstairs over the corner of Ocean and Dolores, and is now occupying both stores of the new La Rambla building on Lincoln Avenue next to the Seven Arts.

Men's crude utensils, like his barbaric music, meet an instant appeal in our civilized hearts—a recognition in ourselves of victory gained. And the fundamental thing about primitive art, that which sets it so definitely apart from modern ornamentation, is its freedom from stilted technique.

Here in the Mexican Shop is crude clay pottery—its color the hard greens of cactus, the ochre of clay, the blacks of thunderclouds. Here also are pottery cooking utensils used by French peasants; sun-bleached Basque linen; Mexican things of clay with all the uneven charm of handmade stuff; Mexican glass, rough in shape but clear; Spanish glass in amethyst, amber and claret; native rugs from Mexico and Spain, brilliantly colored; hand-woven rugs and table runners; little and big ollas—things of necessity having in them the charm of crudeness.

Through the back areaway of La Rambla built for Mrs. Josephine Baber, architect Guy O. Kornn—one catches a view of Carmel Bay. Wrought iron lamps and other as well as colorful Spanish tile, all a picturesque effect to the building. Copper lamps by Thomas Gaylord Fisher of the Highlands are on display in the patio and shops.

A day note—Remy Carpen selling glad-tails from the patio . . .

Designed by Mr. Rummelle, pigskin porch furniture of primitive appeal is on display in the furniture room.

Linie Johnston will provide additional atmosphere.

Intense color, things of crudeness, of barbaric import . . . One can hardly inspect the Mexican Shop without wanting to go native—with no place to go but the Big Sur, and the new highway coming through down there.

Señor Rummelle, what's the fare to Topolabampo?

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COMPOSER
PIANIST

GRIFFIN
PIANIST

AT DEL MONTE

at carmel inns . . .

Among visitors at Pine Inn have been Alexander Hume, Marie and Constance Hume from New Bedford, Connecticut; Mrs. D. M. Mainland and her son, Grant, down from Oakland for a stay; Mr. E. Stuart Hall, visitor from Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hudson and family of Oakland; Clara Ravinowitz, here from St. Louis; Mrs. M. L. Hamlin, in Carmel for an extended visit; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hooper, and son John of San Francisco, with them Myra E. Morong; Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mather, Massachusetts; and Mrs. George A. Johnston of San Rafael. Also staying at Pine Inn are Miss Jane Hanrahan of Woodside and Mrs. Richard Moule of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Barrington. (Mr. Barrington is owner of the El Roblar Hotel at Ojai); Miss E. C. Sugg and Miss O. Powell, Claremont; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Small, Piedmont; Miss Helen Martin of the Woman's Faculty Club, Berkeley, and Miss Eva Leslie of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Coffin, San Rafael; Mr. Frederick Hotz, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sailor of Palo Alto; and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Stephen of Birmingham, Mich. Mrs. Holbrook Blinn and Mrs. Haight of San Francisco spent the week end at Pine Inn. Also at Pine Inn are Colonel and Mrs. George Hamilton together with Doctor and Mrs. Boggis.

Numbered among guests visiting La Ribera have been Mrs. G. D. Engelhard and Mrs. J. E. Coney of Chicago; Doctor and Mrs. C. W. Adams, Globe, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Boardman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Walter, Berkeley; Mrs. G. M. Ball, San Francisco; Doctor

and Mrs. V. E. Thomas, Alhambra; Elsie Piersol, Alhambra; Mrs. D. V. Loughlin, San Jose; Mrs. Robert C. Wente, Pasadena; Mrs. John Stanley, Miss Betty Stanley, and Doctor Mary Botsford, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bumstead, Berkeley; Helen Toomey, Los Angeles; Miss Barrett and party, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Tucker, San Francisco; Jack Angelman, San Francisco; Laura Thompson, Marjorie A. Stevenson, and Anne Patterson, Dellan, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Robertson, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Tucker, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. T. Loynahan, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Fields from Los Olivos, California; Carol R. Cox and L. I. Cox of Modesto; James S. Smith and party, Long Beach; Miss H. Lion, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. Alex Ponedell, Berkeley; and Gerald Rice of Oakland.

Recent guests of Sea View Inn have been Mr. and Mrs. G. Crow, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gilliland, Oakland; Mrs. Amy R. Thursby, Miss Claire Thursby and Miss Helen G. Thursby, all of Berkeley; Miss Frances Sabin, New York; Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Boley, Los Angeles; Isabel G. Gilmour, Oakland; Mary S. Parkinson, Oakland; Ethel Bryce, Pullman, Washington; Mrs. Joseph Foran of Chicago; Howard, Virginia S., Grace and Julia Meritt of Ithaca, New York; Mrs. Charles F. Sweet, Palo Alto; Miss Marie M. Hyatt, Portland, Oregon; Miss Rachel R. Hillan, Cleveland; Mrs. E. B. Van Deusen, Ethel Lee Van Deusen and Marjorie Van Deusen of Los Angeles; Miss Edith Griffin, Berkeley; Miss Ella F. Hallahan and Miss Katherine Hallahan of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kilner, Palo Alto; and Mrs. Dickie and Mina Dickie of Oakland.

L. S. SLEVIN

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My friend,
 Shall we not wander a little in this garden
 And make love a bit?
 Let us go sedately forth,
 Stepping with gracious catious
 Under the moon.

Presently you will brush my hand
 And I
 Will shyly withdraw it.
 Then we will stand side by side at the parapet
 And at length our cheeks
 Stepping with gracious caution
 Will touch.

But never our lips.
 O never our lips.
 Thus may we suffer again
 The ecstatic and forgotten agony of reticence
 The divine torture.

Come my darling.
 Let us walk a little in the garden
 And moderately make love together.

Seven

CAMP SPEED

Dick Collins, assistant director at the Douglas Boys' Camp in the Carmel Valley and of the Douglas Camp for Girls, at Pebble Beach, dashed in to give us news of camp doings. But in such a hurry and so breathless that this is what it came to:

O yes ten boys going to the Salinas Rodeo next Saturday on horseback. Been training for the last two weeks for the cowboy three-hundred-yard race. Going to ride in on Friday and Saturday for Sir Francis Drake saddle trophy. Going to camp using a blacksmith shop for a kitchen. Going to stay on the old Sherwood Rancho built about a hacienda with thick adobe walls. Going to use the old-time kiln heaven knows how many years old.

Yes the girls are going over from camp too, sixty-five of them. Yes and I've got to be in two places at once with no time to get to either of them goodbye!

THE NEW LAUNDRY BUILDING

Built with ample window and ventilating space for the convenience and health of its workers, William E. Mack's new fire-proof building of concrete and stucco, housing the Carmel Laundry at Fifth and Junipero Streets, is being equipped with modern machinery—new ironers, washing machines and other equipment to aid the effective handling of its work.

Carmel residents are invited to inspect the new laundry and to see for themselves

the group coordination demanded by modern laundering methods. Each piece requires a certain amount of hand treatment—articles must be tagged, colored things separated—before relegation to the rotary washers and drying machines.

A PICTURE

Trees—
 A house—
 Some grass—
 A mouse
 Sitting on the doorstep.
 Windows—
 A wall—
 Hollyhocks—
 A tall
 Woman on the doorstep.
 A scream—
 She calls
 A dash—
 And falls
 The woman, on the doorstep.
 A squeak—
 A jump—
 A slip—
 A bump
 Of something warm on the doorstep.
 A broom—
 A sweep—
 A jump—
 A leap
 And nothing more on the doorstep.

C. Martin Long.

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Bucking horses and wide-brimmed hats. Color. Shouting. Music.

Ice cream cones. Heroes.

Hero-worshippers.

Popcorn and peanuts.

Restaurants brimming. The crowd standing seven deep on the parade side lines.

Spanish costumes.

The Fortieth Tank Company of Salinas.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company Float.

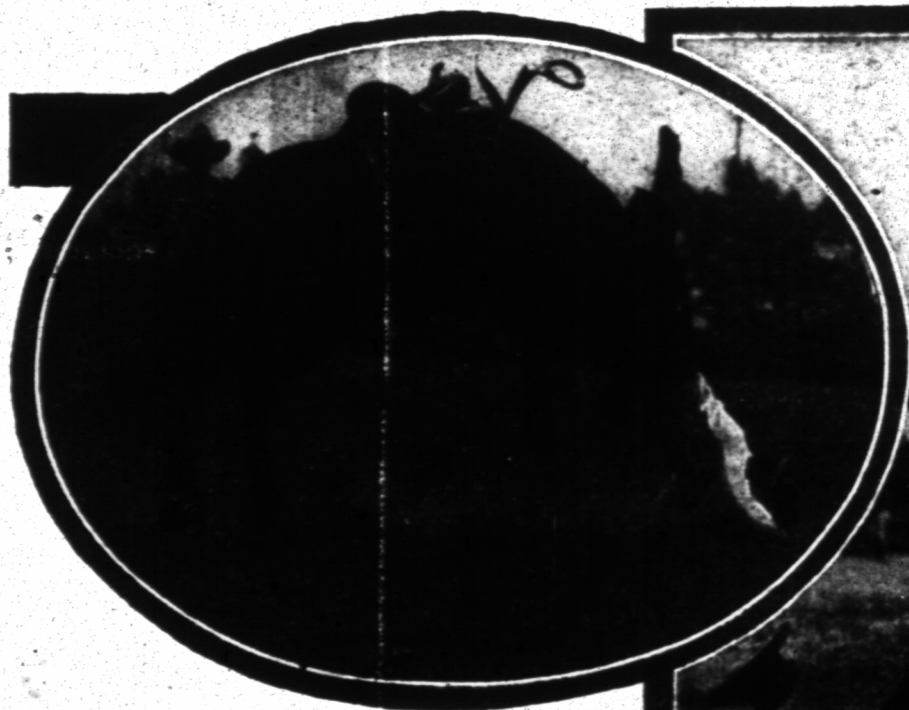
American Legion, bugle and drum corps.

The Elks Float.

Music.

Traffic cops.

Business is good.



Books . . .

JOURNEY'S END

R. C. Sherriff.

That sweet and sentimental war-time play—R. C. Sherriff's "Journey's End"—is now available in book form.

It is a good little amateur skit arrived at the heaven of Henry Miller's Theatre—a plotless batch of melodramatic hokey. It is a realistic depiction of a group of English officers in the front line trenches fighting the good old war with tea and muffins.

A short review of its history will do it no harm. Sherriff, an English insurance solicitor and member of a Thames rowing club composed mostly of ex-officers, wrote the play to defray expense for an amateur production by the club. For that reason, his characters were men, his setting a single dug-out scene. A London producer, seeing the play, agreed to exhibit it for one night at his theater. It supplanted the running production, was transplanted to New York, and is now as popular as ever in London. Reviewers have praised it and damned it, declared it a masterpiece and a farce.

The story concerns attitudes: the attitude of his fellow officers toward Captain Stanhope, twenty-one, who has gone doggo (or is it blotto?) on the subject of strong drink; the attitude of Second Lieutenant Raleigh, brother of Stanhope's sweetheart,

who could write home and just about ruin everything; the attitude of the British toward the Germans—and vice versa. Its most telling criticism must be that it depicts a civilization of attitudes. For these characters cling to their idealism as an open sham among themselves; their intelligence confronts the inevitable with a still more unescapable hypocrisy. Nonchalance veils feeling, fear masquerades as stoicism, and individual value pretends to smother itself dutifully in a blanket of patriotism. Its realism lies in its conventionalism, its inhibitions, its masking of real feeling.

But it does not ring true to man. Rather, be they ever so well portrayed, its creations are so petty and sterile that one feels relief, not tragedy, when the whine of a shell (which should have made its appearance in act one) rises to a shriek and bursts on the dug-out roof.

—E. L.



"Loose Ends", by Dearest Joy Liston.
Carmel Press July 1929.

(reviewed by herself.)

A volume of verse by the Child-Wonder of Carmel. Poor little girl, I wonder if she isn't the loose end. Colors splash from page to page; sorrow screams in every line; tears (not little dainty weeps, but large, the splashy kind) flow throughout the book.

Here is the lyric, epic, dramatic, melodramatic, comic, poetess of the year.

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Illusion	Arthur Train
The Lady of Laws	Suzanne Trantwein
Maya Cities	Thomas Gann
The Green Parrot	Princess Bibesco
Wolf Solent	John Cowper Powys
Mimi Blurette	Guido de Verona
Loose Ladies	Vina Delmar
A Preface to Morals	Walter Lippman
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Salt Water Taffy	Corey Ford
Nature of the Physical World	Eddington
Whither Mankind	Charles A. Beard

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(continued from page 1)

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BARBECUE

Big Sur that intense country South of Carmel that has been immortalized by Robinson Jeffers. The beauty of all the world seems to have centered itself in Big Sur.

Our destination being the "de Angulo" Ranch we left Carmel on Saturday morning at ten o'clock. Driving along the coast the fog was thick and very low hanging like many bolts of grey chiffon, I had a sudden vision of leaving fog only to find more—later I learned my fears were groundless.

The ranch is ten miles the other side of Big Sur and when we reached there the sun was high and the heat intense. From the road there is a two mile walk to reach the ranch. It is almost straight up. It seems like fifteen miles. It is a very narrow footpath alive with rattle snakes of a great size. We saw more than half a dozen. When we reached the top we saw ahead a small red-wood house. The first thing we did was to go and catch the horses. We got them home and saddled for the twelve-mile ride to G—— Ranch, where the barbecue was to be held.

We started by moonlight and although in the sky the moon was only half it seemed as though there were ten. When we reached the ranch the party was in full swing having begun at noon. There were dancing, games and many fights. When I asked innocently what they were fighting about, I was told they did not have any reason except too much "Vino".

Never have I seen so much food in one place, steaks nearly a foot long and from three to five inches in thickness.

We left the party at six o'clock in the morning and rode home watching the sun come up. All the country, even the sea, was the color of gold.

Towards evening we went for a moonlight walk and saw quite a few deer. Coming home we looked up on the hill and and not sixty feet away a mountain lion stood watching us interestedly. His eyes shone like head-lights. This walk was made through tall very dry grass and all around could be heard the sound of rattle snakes.

The next day we saddled four horses and a philosophical mule and started down the hill to get supplies. At the gate between horse's hoofs there coiled a huge rattle snake ready for action. The horse reared and tore down the side of the hill pulling the rest of the horses.

Wednesday we felt that a perfect cycle had been completed. And so, prepared to go, we rode down the hill on horseback, packed our things in the car, and with a definite feeling of sadness, returned.

D. J. L.